



Franklin: "Tis Foolish to Lay Out Money In a Purchase of Repentance." Buy Savings Stamps!

The Acorn

Hit Them Hard, Hit Them Fast, Win the Peace and Make It Last! BUY WAR BONDS!

"Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow"

"The Child Is Father of the Man"

Vol. I

Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., Friday, May 14, 1943

No. 5

SENIORS PREPARE FOR COMMENCEMENT

Frances Lester Warner, Essayist, To Be Commencement Speaker

As the last issue of the ACORN goes to press the seniors are in the midst of signing contracts, worrying over escorts for a Senior Prom, and preparing for their commencement. It's an exciting time . . . a busy time . . . Graduation will take place on June 11. The speaker for the occasion will be Frances Lester Warner, who is considered one of the outstanding essayists of the country. She is the author of such well-known works as *Inner Springs*, *Our Invisible Supply*, *Amateur's Holiday*, *Endicott and I*, *Groups and Couples*, *Life's Minor Collisions*, *On a New England Campus*, *Pilgrim Trails*, *The Pleasure of Your Company*, *Surprising the Family*, and others.

Class Day and Baccalaureate will be combined this year. They will both take place on June 7th. Rabbi Levi A. Olan, prominent Worcester rabbi, who captivated S.T.C. a few years ago with his inspiring talk, will return to our platform as baccalaureate speaker.

The traditional Class Day exercises will not be omitted. They will consist of the planting of the ivy, presentation of the class gift, and the handing down of caps and gowns to the underclassmen. Awarding of prizes will also take place at this time.

On Wednesday, June 9, the faculty seniors, and guests, have been invited to tea at the home of President and Mrs. Carpenter.

Plans for the customary Senior Prom are yet in the nebulous stages of uncertainty, but from the feeling of most seniors it will be a prom "by hook, and by crook." Plans for a Senior Banquet are also in the stages of planning, but of the latter the Seniors are certain; one can come to that minus a Man!

Dramatic Club Presents "Once Upon a Midnight"

The Dramatic Club lent much to the success of Esther Forbes' Tea with its presentation of a one-act play, "Once Upon a Midnight." The play was directed by Miss O'Donnell and depicted scenes from the life of Paul Revere. The staging was excellent and credit should be given Miss White who was in charge of furniture, much of which came from President's Carpenter's home.

The cast was as follows: Paul Revere, George Laird; Sara Orne, Anne McAuliffe; Rachel Walker, Margaret Horan; Dr. Joseph Warren, Emmett Fink; Sam Adams Mr. Osborne, and Paul Revere II, Thomas Shedd.

Senior Swan Song

CHRISTINE FLYNN, 43

Behold us the class of 43, Prepared yet reluctant these halls to flee.

We place our trust in precepts just And confidently face our destiny.

Adieu then to teachers and to class For now our happy student days are nearly passed.

In all our strife to grow, you helped These memories our treasure chests will clasp.

Blessings on thee, Alma Mater, dear, Let each new class bring aspiration here.

And may on cheerful shoulders fall The student's yoke, our legacy four years.

Debaters Wind Up Busy Season

On May 11th the Debating Society concluded its busy season of debates on the ever popular question, "Resolved: That the United Nations should establish a permanent federal union with power to tax and regulate international commerce, to maintain a police force, to settle international disputes and to enforce all settlements, and to provide for the admission of other nations which accept the principles of the union." The S.T.C. debaters, Carol Johnson and Esther Lipnick represented the affirmative and Worcester Tech, the negative. Following the debate, a social hour followed with Tech as host.

The same question has been debated with Holy Cross and Rhode Island State College by the following members of the club: Eleanor Looney, Eleanor DeMille, Kathryn Stafford, Katharine Kane, Lois Crowe, and Carol Johnson.

On April 27th the Debating Club participated in a Radio Discussion on the subject of "The Role of the Teacher in Wartime," with Rhode Island College of Education. Eleanor Looney and Katharine Kane represented S.T.C. with Kathryn Stafford acting as chairman. Esther Lipnick substituted for Fitchburg State Teachers College, who, for reasons beyond their control, were unable to attend. It proved to be one of the most spontaneous programs ever presented with *ad libbing* at its best; at 8:15 with fifteen minutes to go, the group, due to Fitchburg's absence, ran out of material. But a college training has some use—quick thinking saved the day.

On May 17 the Debating Club will hold a final get together at the home of Miss Banigan, at which time Holy Cross will be their guest.

GLEE CLUB DIRECTOR



MISS GRACE A. KENDRICK

Glee Club to Present Concert On May 15th

The Glee Club Concert set for May 15 this year will be definitely of the streamlined war version variety. The stress will be on the Americas, both North and South, and

The program, as planned by Miss Kendrick, will be divided into two parts. The first, featuring the glee club as a whole, will include the following numbers:

Modern "Fred Waring" versions of *Last Night the Nightingale Woke Me*; *Rock-a-bye Baby*; *Row Row Row Your Boat*.

A Negro spiritual, *Goin' to Walk the Golden Street*, arranged by Walter Justis.

A group of South American numbers, *Tutu Maramba*, a Brazilian folk songs, *Gay Fiesta*, Mexican, and *Doing the Samba*.

That much-talked-about patriotic song, *I Hear America Singing*. The accompanists will include Marion McCann, Denyse Tasse, Barbara Straw, Louise Temple, Ruth Tucker, Marion Harrington.

The second part of the program is very different from the traditional concert, inasmuch as it will consist of excerpts from the opera, *Hänsel and Gretel*. The cast of characters will include:

Hänsel—Eleanor Moosey
Gretel—Ruth Tucker
Witch—Dorothy Bell
Mother—Isabelle Sandstrom
Sandman—Eleanor Wentworth
Dawn—Kay Murphy
Chorus of five boys and five girls
Fourteen angels
Miss Denyse Tasse will accompany on the piano.

(Continue on Page 3)

Romance of Color Photography Subject of Newman Club Talk

"Acorns" Enjoy the Sun or This Ain't Really Us



In case you think that this is the way the ACORN Staff operates, you're wrong. This happened when the sun decided to pay us a visit and a few of the Staff were for a moment free! Both events! Left to right: Artist, Betty Holm; Sophomore Sallies, Eleanor Kelliher. Top, l. to r.: S.T.C. Echo, Kay Kane; Ye Editor, Esther Lipnick, and her Associate, Chris Flynn.

MILITARY MUTTERINGS

BY BARBARA STEWART

"WHEREVER THEY ARE, THEY WANT MAIL"

Pfc. Robert J. Fox, U. S. M. C., Co. M, 3rd Bn., Eighth Marines
C/o Postmaster San Francisco, Calif.

Sgt. Leo J. Charbonneau, Law Enforcement Group, Hdq. Found. M.R.S., A. P. O. No. 600, U. S. Army, C/o Postmaster, N. Y. City.

Pvt. Paul Evans, 339 Batry. C, B.B.Bn., Fort Brady, Michigan.
Lt. Edmund McGee, Combat Crew, Training Wing, Hendricks Field, Sebring, Florida.

Pvt. John Melia, Hq. Co., 2nd Bn., 390 Infantry, 98th Div., Camp Breckinridge, Ky.
Pvt. Charles H. Farnum, Av. Cadet, U. S. Navy Flight Prep. School, Battalion 2, Platoon 2, Williamstown, Mass.

Pvt. Richard Boulay, Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.
Pfc. Warren Hultquist, Oldsmobile Ordnance School, Lansing Section, Lansing, Mich.
A/c. F. R. Kelley, Jr., Group III, Photography, T.S.A.A.F.T.T.C., Yale University, New Haven, Conn.
Pvt. Alfred R. Barrios, 11057875, Group 6, Squadron D, Hotel Richfield, Room 308, Atlantic City, New Jersey.
Pvt. F. C. Elias Barsoum, T.D. Flight 3D, Eastern Oklahoma, A & M College, Wilburton, Oklahoma.

Father Ahern Will Lecture Here On May 26th

The Newman Club welcomes back Reverend Michael J. Ahern, S.J., of Weston College as the speaker at its annual scholarship lecture on May 26 at 8:00 P.M. in the college auditorium of S.T.C. Father Ahern will lecture this year on "The Romance of Color Photography" and will accompany his talk with colored slides. No one who has ever seen Father Ahern's colored slides of flowers will ever forget the magnificence of color and beauty that was captured by the camera. This year's lecture promises to be just as interesting. Tickets may be obtained from the General Chairman, Mary McAuliffe or from any member of her committee which consists of the following: Mary Fleming and Isabel Dunn, Co-chairmen of the tickets, also Agripina Macewicz, George Maloney, Grace Toombs, Katharine Kane, Virginia Sheahan, Barbara Tomolonius, Ruth Connolly and Evelyn Logan, Alumni. Address: Cove and Marion McCann; Publicity: Lois Crowe and Ruth Monahan.

On Sunday, May 16, the members of the Newman Club will hold their annual Communion Breakfast at the Hotel Bancroft. All members will assist at the nine o'clock Mass at the Church of Christ the King. Committees for the Breakfast are as follows: Arrangements, Eleanor Kelliher and Betty Kennedy; favors, Anne McAuliffe and Frances Sullivan; tickets, Virginia Palmer, chairman, Mary Gannon, Mary Reeves, Hester Hanley, Mary MacDonnell and Mary Houlihan.

Have You Chosen a Candidate Yet?

The Student Council is at present working on plans for elections which will be held in the very near future. It urges all clubs to be doing some thinking about efficient officers for the coming year, so that when schedules are posted, clubs will be ready to carry through elections speedily and effectively.

The Student Council wishes to thank all students and members of the faculty for their cooperation and interest throughout the year. Let's do our part and help elections go off smoothly as a measure of thanks to Miss Foster and the Student Council for their splendid work.

Pvt. Leo M. Sullivan, Co. B, 28th Training Bn., M.P.R.T.C., Bldg. No. 2618, Fort Custer Mich.

THE ACORN

(Issued monthly by students of W. S. T. C.)

Esther Lipnick, '43	Editor-in-Chief
Christine Flynn, '43	Associate Editor
Ruth McCurn, '43	Literary Editor
Eleanor Looney, '44	Columnist
Barbara Cypher, '44	Columnist
Marion Harrington, '44	Club Editor
Betty Holm, '45	Art Editor
Virginia Sheehan, '45	Business Manager
Ruth Monahan, '43	Reporter
Barbara Stewart, '44	Reporter
Eleanor Kelliher, '45	Reporter
Ann Brady, '46	Reporter
Katharine Kane, '45	Reporter

Faculty Adviser, Miss Kathryn R. O'Donnell

THAT OLD FEELIN'

The bus still arrives at five minutes past nine, but we no longer run breathless into the college. It's with a more leisurely step that we cross the street and walk into the school driveway. Is this the last time . . . the last year. . . No more rushing to class . . . no more cramming. There is a sudden tightening around the heart . . . and a bit of nostalgia overcomes us. . . This is almost the end. . . It's so near the end that in moments snatched from studies, planning, and worrying about the future, one can't help but reminisce. The first time we entered school, our Senior Sisters, the Freshman Reception. . . The way Miss Scribner looked when we tried to draw our first frog and it looked so very much like anything but a frog. . . The way Dr. Farnsworth could rattle off dates and the genealogy of the English kings. . . Will we ever forget, *Rats, Lice, and History*? The way Mr. Jones could make Horace and Martial as alive as any twentieth century writer. . . The way Miss O'Donnell made you like Wordsworth and nature. . . "One impulse from a vernal wood—" Dr. Averill making a simple statement sound like something from the Bible. . . Miss Holden making the Saturday Review of Literature one of the most interesting things in your life. . . Watching the almost celestial glow in Miss Roe's eyes as she talked of her beloved English writers—especially Chaucer. . . Running for all you are worth to the library to sign up first for the History readings assigned by Dr. Winslow and sitting at the desk of a history that opened your very naive eyes. . . Learning to love "la belle France," learning the meaning of organization and standards, and the way a flower can brighten up a day, from Miss McKelligett. . . Mr. Reardon, everybody's pal . . . and the Pearson Formula we never did quite learn. . . The surprise and delight in finding that Miss White was the new teacher. . . President Carpenter's inauguration—a memorable day. . . Miss Kendrick drawing the student body into song while President Carpenter beamed. . . Miss Banigan good naturedly listening to the whole class recite, "Gentlemen, I present this idea" . . . making us speech conscious. . . Dr. Shaw and his geographic relationships . . . always willing to laugh with his class. . . Miss Clark always fresh in a starched gym outfit while we tramped in, in wilted gym suits. . . Mr. Osborne, good naturedly listening to the way we made a car run, in physics, and probably wishing that women had brains. . . The three supervisors, Miss Foster, Miss West, and Miss Fitch proving that teaching is a fine profession. . . Reminiscing. . . Time to stop. . . Wish we could be less sentimental. . . It's only when one has to leave that one stops to realize what he's going to miss . . . Nostalgia they call it. . . It's that old feelin', and we've got it . . . got it bad.

AN ALUMNA SAYS, "THANK YOU"

It was a mammoth task sending copies of the Alumni Issue of the ACORN to the Alumni and required an enormous amount of time, checking names and addresses, addressing envelopes, folding papers, and grouping letters according to towns. We all worked hard at S.T.C., but it certainly was worthwhile! . . .

The letters that poured in to Ye Editors desk were filled with sincere sentiments. Graduates who had completely lost contact with the school suddenly found themselves remembered and heartily welcomed back to old familiar halls. It was good to know that the ACORN had performed its mission of Good Will Ambassador between the old and the new.

One of the most touching expressions of appreciation came from Mrs. Ella L. Clark, a graduate of the old Normal School. At the Scholarship Tea she approached us and offered a contribution to the ACORN. She had noticed that we had ads and therefore concluded that we could use money. We informed Mrs. Clark that we were well "endowed" by the school appropriations, but she was firm in her desire to do something for the ACORN. We accepted Mrs. Clark's gift and were greatly touched by her fine gesture. The very idea of a graduate of 1900 wanting to do something for the present student body and associating herself with its doings was a most pleasant one. We hope that she and all the other graduates of our school will always feel that same bond of kinship—that tie between the past and the present—that warm and friendly feeling—that feeling of belonging.

Orchids

To Mrs. Ella L. Clark, S.T.C. Alumna, who so generously showed her appreciation of the ACORN . . . it was a fine gesture and a still finer thought.

To everyone at S.T.C. who helped to make the Esther Forbes Tea such a great success. . . No smoother working committee could be asked for.

To Mr. Riordan, Miss Foster and their assistants in sending over 3,000 copies of the ACORN to the Alumni . . . it was a Gargantuan task.

To Ed McGee on becoming a Louey. . . Congratulations, Lieutenant McGee! You're the first at S.T.C.

To Miss Dolores Magwood whose charming return to S.T.C. with her dancing pupils was such a delight and inspiration. . . It certainly showed that a teacher training education is never lost.

To Professor Osborne for his good sportsmanship and good acting in the play presented at the Tea. . . Such sportsmanship is certainly catchy.

To Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter for their cordial invitation to the Seniors and their guests to come to their home. . . We realize the work it's going to be for Mrs. Carpenter and we appreciate our welcome.

To Dr. Shaw for making us Latin-American conscious. . . We want to be Good Neighbors.

To Thomas Shedd, a student at Tatnuck School, for giving up some of his precious vacation to attend our rehearsals.

To Miss Banigan for her excellent training of speakers . . . who can fill in and *ad lib* over the air for fifteen minutes without any scripts or previous preparation.

To Miss West for her expert management of club appropriations. . . The ACORN staff is especially grateful for her help.

To Emmett Fink for his helpfulness in typing material.

To Miss Winifred Fitch, the unsung heroine of S.T.C. . . Her efficiency and help are responsible for much of our academic success.

To Miss Shaw for the way she has made Art at S.T.C. so functional and our lives more beautiful . . . for the inexplicable way in which she has created "artists."

To the Seniors for their unusual style show of May 7th.

To Miss Clark for having aroused such a great interest in swimmers to the extent that on Wednesday afternoons our corridors are virtually empty.

To Miss Scribner for making us nature conscious . . . a forgotten art in modern America.

To all students and faculty who remember to clear away dishes in cafeteria.

To Miss Fitch for her interesting heralding of Spring . . . the lovely plants reminded us that we can have Spring within even if the weather man declines to have Spring without.

To the Class of '47 who, under the guidance of Miss McKelligett, sold the most tickets for the Esther Forbes Tea.

To the S.T.C. staff of janitors for their constant willingness to cooperate.

SEEDLINGS . . .

Some people remember what they learn in class.—Some people remember what they hear in assembly.—But we are different. Into our memory book for this year we'll put these pictures—Dr. Farnsworth blushing when his instructions sounded more personal than he intended.—Emmett Fink being deluged with invitations to conduct a *walking* tour.—The dance team of Palmer and Logan receiving an offer from the management of the Plymouth Theatre.—The spectacle of "Else" with nary a fish on the string.—George Laird overwhelming the cuties from the Trade School so that they forget to get off at the right stop.—Dr. Shaw's claim of a geographic relationship as an excuse for keeping a picture of the "Onion Queen."—The mental hygiene class studying the effects of heredity and to a man thinking of Venice and her grandmother.—The elementaries trucking out every morning loaded down with paper "bunnies," lollipops, umbrellas, and shamrocks and actually enjoying it.—George Maloney feeling very lonely as the only conservative in a class of revolutionists.—Mr. Riordan having his wish for a class "who would disagree with the teacher"—overwhelmingly fulfilled.—Vinnie Howe waiting for the afternoon when there won't be any room left for him in his car.—Peg Sullivan buying a very nice new dress and George not even appreciating it.—"Phil" Brady feeling very professional when two of her students shout "Good morning, Miss Brady" while shopping uptown.—The sales-force at Thom McAn's visiting the sales-force at Sherer's and vice-versa during the Easter rush.—Miss Foster reading the Secondary units and being surprised at the fact that the Secondaries can write (and in English too).—Walter becoming accustomed to taking orders ("nuff" said).—Discussion groups of great educational value being carried on in such strange places as Easton's and the June Street Drug Store.

"Stew" twisting that lovely ring on her finger, and dreamin'—just dreamin'—The Sophomores doing a very smooth job on the May Dance and making their sister and brother class very proud of them.—The very appreciative and totally undeserved response to our first literary efforts. If ever you are feeling blue and downhearted, let us know.—We'll send you the stories we couldn't print in the column.

Gratefully,

FLORA AND FAUNA.

"The schools of all the states are threatened with lessened efficiency just at the time in our country's history when the schools' contribution to the war effort is indispensable."

Compliments of
MRS. ELLA L. CLARK

"You are protecting your child against failure when you provide him with a good teacher."

1700

1943

Worcester, Culture as Usual

The School of the Worcester Art Museum has revised its schedule to include a special three months' course in drafting and mechanical drawing to run from April 1 through June 25 in response to the increased demands for trained draughtsmen in the defense industries. The Worcester Boys' Trade School is coöperating in the project having supplied blueprints and other material from its own courses. The museum facilities will be continued to be used in the study of industrial camouflage under Mr. Barnett's direction.

In answer to the demand engendered by the popularity of the motion picture series *The United Nations at War and at Peace* recently concluded, another series, *Films in Wartime* was offered May 1 to continue through June 26, every other Saturday at 3:00 P.M. Films are based on these subjects: Science and War, Vital Materials, Life in the Armed Forces, Military Action, and the Act of War.

The Educational Department has arranged *Color on Canvas*, the first in a series of interpretative exhibitions which will follow, as a supplement, the concluding section of the newly reopened exhibition, *Ways of Seeing*. It consists of an introductory series of charts demonstrating the three-fold nature of color, psychological, physiological and psychological, and a group of paintings selected to illustrate the various uses of color: to identify objects, to interpret nature, to create form, as decoration, and as an expression of mood. The exhibition includes canvases by Van Hemessen, Cezanne, Gauguin, Matisse, Both, and Bonnard.

An exhibition of painting, sculpture, and crafts by artists and craftsmen of Worcester County opens Saturday, May 15, to continue through June 27.

Utopia, Ltd. the light opera by Gilbert and Sullivan, having for its setting a tropical isle, with lyrics and music both typical and topical, will be presented at Tuckerman Hall, May 20, 21, and 22. It is one of the lesser known of these popular operettas, but very charming, both to the devotees of Gilbert and Sullivan works and to those who are making their first acquaintance through the current offering.

The Gift

BY CHRISTINE FLYNN, '43

One shining face
Two busy hands
One constant heart
Thru day
Thru night
Firm friendliness imparts.

In languid sickness
In glowing health
At work
At play
Devoted to myself.

Small, perfect extrovert
Poised and alert
Your life precisely circumscribed
My willing wrist to girt.

Glee Club

(Continued from Page 1)

Miss G. Eleanor Shaw will assist the committee working on the stage setting. The chairwomen of this committee are Misses Agnes Abram, Elizabeth Holm, and Anne McAuliffe. They will be assisted by members of the art classes and glee club.

GAY NINETIE'S ROMEO

By KATHARINE KANE, '45

It is always interesting and humorous to observe or reflect the antics of a preceding generation—and so all apologies to all "old timers", I describe my version of the "inside" of a typical Gay Nineties Date.

Our love-smitten Romeo arrives at his young lady's house at seven prompt. He is equipped with either a bouquet of flowers or a box of the best chocolates either of which is guaranteed to make the proper impression. He is met at the door by the girl of his dreams, Daisy, who very demurely escorts him into the parlor. Here he is introduced to her parents who give him a very thorough and entirely conclusive "going over". Wilbur, for that is his name, sits down gingerly on one end of the sofa; Daisy sits at the extreme other end. The fond parents take strategic positions opposite them. After a few very awkward moments Wilbur is asked some very pointed and not too subtle questions (while our heroine demurely drops her eyes). Daisy, after a nod from her mother leaves the room and returns with a large black photograph album. For the next half hour Wilbur is confronted with pictures of Daisy's relatives all the way from Great-uncle Joe, who fought in the Civil War, to the present generation. Some of the snapshots are unfamiliar to Daisy, so her mother very obligingly sits herself in between the two young people and "carries on". Wilbur attempts to say something about each photograph but after the first hundred he runs out of adjectives (that is the unobjectionable type) and can only manage a weak smile. At approximately five minutes of ten Daisy's father slowly takes out his watch, frowns at the innocent time-piece, and then slowly but distinctly yawns. Wilbur, who is a very bright young man, rises at this point, thanks his host for such a delightful evening, and bids his lady good-night, while her fond parents look on. Wilbur, who is content that he has made the proper impression and is happily aware of the look in Daisy's eyes as she said good-night, merrily whistles—"Wait till the sun shines, Nellie!"—and our typical Gay Nineties date is brought to a close.

Said the first private to his earless buddy:

"It must have been hard for you to hear when you lost your first ear!"

2nd Private: "Yep, t'was."

1st Private: "How did you feel when you lost your other ear?"

2nd Private: "I couldn't see. My hat fell down over my eyes."

Sophomore Dance Proves Big Success

Mary Gannon, '43 Reigned As Queen of the May

On May 7 the Sophomores held their long awaited formal. Mary Gannon, '43, chosen by popular vote several weeks before, reigned supreme as Queen of the May. White marquisette set off her dark hair to full advantage. Her beauteous attendants were as follows: Seniors, Anne McAuliffe and Peg Ackley; Juniors, Grace Toombs and Louise Sponberg; Sophomores, Dot Holden and Eva Frazier; Freshmen, Denyse Tasse and Ruth Laurell.

The general motif was that of an outdoor summer garden. Betty Holm and her Decoration Committee transformed the gym into a gay panorama of color. Flowers of every hue decorated the gym; lawn chairs provided comfortable resting places for tired dancers. Nosegays were substituted for the usual dance orders and a delightful daisy chain was carried by the Queen's attendants.

Chaperones for the occasion were: Dr. and Mrs. Guy H. Winslow, Miss Kathryn R. O'Donnell, Miss Margaret M. Banigan, Miss Eleanor G. Shaw, and Mr. Francis L. Jones.

FROSH NOTES

Who says men are scarce? Mary Foley has just founded "Foley Date Bureau". . . . Dates will travel within a radius of fifty miles from Boston College, rain or shine. . . . For references see Charlie DeMunnice, Ann Brady, and Janice Hale.

Florence Streeter is still chasing Charlie, and Charlie's still chasing Rommel.

Regina Labenski wishes us to put in this ad: If anyone sees an orchid suit for about thirty-five dollars, please put a deposit on it for her.

W.A.A. to Present Awards

The W.A.A. has selected an interesting blue and gold seal, designed by Betty Holm, '45, as the award to be presented to girls who have gained the required number of points for practice, games, and tournaments held after school hours. Points were earned for the following activities participated in during the year: basketball, hockey, soccer, soft ball, swimming, bowling, tennis, and ping pong. To earn the seal, Seniors must receive 50 points, Juniors 100 points, Sophomores 150 points, and Freshmen 200 points.

At an unannounced date during the latter part of May, the following girls will receive the school seal as an award: Kay Relihan, '43, Eva Salvuolo, '43, and Isabelle Sandstrom, '43, Eleanor Spear, '44, and Frances Wetherbee, '44, Maureen Cove, '45.

Three Seniors who have gained more than 75 points will receive a gold pin with the same insignia as the seal. They are Margaret Ackley, Jean Campbell, and Dorothy Bell.

It is expected that others will receive the seal, also, since practice is still being continued and the opportunity to increase one's score is still open.

MAY QUEEN



MARY GANNON

The ACORN Staff wishes to take this opportunity to express its appreciation and thanks to all those who helped to make the paper a success—to Miss O'Donnell for her assistance as staff advisor, to President Carpenter for his encouragement in the beginning when things looked rather gray and difficult, to the contributors, to our advertisers, to The Heffernan Press for their fine handling and courteous service . . . and to all our friends we say Thanks a Million!

Signs of S. T. C.

By Katharine Kane, '45

The S.T.C. reporters scanning the newspapers to see how much of the news was "cut". . . . The continual singing after the Thursday assembly . . . The new bridge craze in the lounge introduced by the freshmen and now taken over by enthusiastic upperclassmen . . . The faces hidden behind the ACORN on publication day (plug, plug) . . . The locker room "snacks" before Friday assembly . . . The "intellectuals" in the lib supposedly reading the Worc. Telegram Editorial page but really keeping up with Terry and the Pirates . . . The lengthy and heated discussions in the lounge on Teaching as a Profession, but always ending up with favorite subject, "MEN". . . . The Rochdale and Burncoat section complacently arriving late for first hour classes . . . The Geog. students earnestly tracing maps on windows . . . The muffled (and sometimes not so muffled) whispering in the library . . . The way the girls group at tables at the cafeteria . . . The moron jokes filtering around S.T.C. . . . Betty Kennedy and Martha Russin selling stamps and bonds every Friday, always smiling, as though business were always flourishing . . . The tired, empty weekend looks every Monday morning.

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La Belle France

Jeanne d'Arc, the glorious saviour of France, came to life at the last meeting of the Cercle Français through a talk by Miss Marguerite C. McKelligett. The little saint herself, in stone, sat pensively in the corner gazing at the May Street landscape, not unlike the pastoral scenes of her native France, from whence her grand inspiration came. The talk was illustrated by pictures showing the concepts of various artists in regard to her appearance and her personality, and was based upon Jeanne d'Arc's own words, taken from the document of the trial at Rouen.

At the previous meeting, Miss Verna White led the Cercle on an imaginary trip to France to visit its famous châteaux, via a charming account of her summer spent there, aided by photographs taken on location, reflected through the lantern.

A luncheon in the cafeteria under the general direction of Miss Phyllis Lacouture, president, will conclude the Cercle program for 1943.

SOPHOMORE SALLIES

Well, the poor Sophomores haven't been sallying forth very much lately. However, some of the favored few are still going strong, among them Margaret Halley, who has another Tech man on the string. We wish we had her secret for keeping so many men for such a long time without becoming confused. Eli's still with us via his postal cards (those cartoons were somethin') and letters. The S1's have established a new record for speed in getting changed after gym. That class with Dr. Winslow finds them in various stages of dress. And speaking of Dr. Winslow, I doubt if he'll ever forget St. Patrick's day . . . It seems that the S2's were having a test so one smart colleen decided to write in bright green ink. I wouldn't be surprised if Dr. Winslow saw shamrocks after correcting the papers. Lillian Messier, Eva Frazier, and Betty Kennedy certainly love their bus driver—just ask them! After the recent assembly, our non-smoker friends classified the rest of us into categories as demonstrated by Miss Kirby. Gosh, weren't we surprised to see ourselves as others see us!

Well the dance has come and gone—what with geography papers or Dr. Shaw due the 5th and several tests in that hectic week it's a wonder the dance even was held. . . . But you know these remarkable sophomores . . . everything they do goes over with a bang, and you hear it all over school. . . . They're still talking about the dance and I don't blame them . . . some of us just got there by the skin of our teeth, and some of us couldn't find a man. . . . Of course Lois and Herbe were there, along with Margaret and Mike, Dot and Bud, Eva and Jimmy, Katharine and Jack, and Marie and John. . . . We couldn't help but reminisce about other dances which have come and gone, but this time, with the O.P.A. watching for C stickers, some of us walking, and others piled six deep in a car, we really hit a big high.

In the Mail

Ed. Note: (The following are excerpts from letters that poured in following the publication of the Alumni issue of the ACORN. It was "good" to hear from so many alumni. Space does not permit the printing of all letters and so it is the first that arrived that have been selected.)

"The ACORN with its first alumni page and interesting news items reached me in the morning mail. Immediately I did what often graduates of our old S.N.S. in their letters to Mr. Russell which he occasionally read in part or their entirety to us, told of their doing, viz.—dropped all household cares just where they were and read from the first to the last page."

MRS. GEORGE PRESTON

"Receiving the copy of the ACORN was certainly a very pleasant surprise. It was my first knowledge that such a publication had been inaugurated at the college. Since this newspaper seems like the best way to keep in contact with my Alma Mater and classmates, I'd appreciate your listing me as a subscriber."

MARY COOLOGHAN, '41

"The April 16th issue of the ACORN has come to me—a good presenting. Associations in the pages make up are of course aside from us of the '70's. But we of the Seventh Class recall enduringly the gifted source of imparting by E. Harlow Russell.

EUGENE BACON

"Just a note to thank you for the Alumni edition of the ACORN and to tell you I think it is a grand publication. Although some distance from S.T.C., I was glad to catch up on the recent happenings."

BETTIE VALENCIA, '42

(Bettie Bennett)

"I have enjoyed the copies of the ACORN more than I can say. I congratulate you and your staff on your good work. The Alumni number will be appreciated by all of us."

FLORENCE G. HOLDEN

"I was so delighted when I received the ACORN—and thank you so much for it. I am still re-reading it with much pleasure. May I be so 'conceited' as to enclose three of my poems."

RUTH HILL LOGAN, '11

To My Son

When you come home,
My heart will cease to ache—
The sun will shine again—so warm,
When you come home again—
The stars at night again will shine
so bright
And our sad home again will have
its light—
Sending forth a welcome message to
our friends—
That you are home with me—again.

May

When May comes smiling o'er the hills
And laughing leaps across the rills,
She beckons me from study's nook,
To leave my worries and my books,
And at the world to take a look,
In mirrored lakes and running
brooks.

RUTH HILL LOGAN

"Schools are no better than the teachers they employ."

The Clash of Two Environments

By DR. LUIS A. ROBAYO

It is only sixty days since my arrival to this half Continent. As if I should have chosen unconsciously my final destination, suddenly I found myself in a land of Spanish history and tradition: "East Florida", which reminds me of Ponce de León. Here I am in one of its cities—Gainesville, the taciturn and pensive city like a holy-ground. Two alternative rhythms involve its life: convent and barrack. Wherever one moves, he is encountered and shelter by palms covered with moss, as the shadow to the body. Almost all the cities of this State have the same pattern and type—full of a host of houses. Here can live only the rich of mind or the rich of money. This spot recalls to me two events: Robinson Crusoe's Adventure and the New Harmony community experienced in this very American land by Robert Owen. The first, because here one lives disconnected from the rest of mankind in a steady struggle to overcome his environment. The second, because social interchange with women is practically abolished due to the overwhelming minority of girls living here. Besides, in direct contrast there are more churches than people, so one has little choice but to become religious.

Work has levelled the condition of everybody. In work all are equal and companions. Work is a great honor and the device of the material progress.

Order, cleanliness, quietness preside the life in these cities.

Restaurants are imbibed of a rather endless and monotonous music, of rough symphony.

In shops of 5 and 10 cents everything is offered to the public for nothing but when one goes out he always pays more than 10 cents.

Now something about "Fraternalities", or better called: "Non-Democratic Centers" named with Greek letters from Alpha to Omega. These organizations are rather a secret conventicle of the "Chosen students" according to a certain arbitrary measurement of affinity in souls, knowledge, money, beliefs, etc., etc. This elite lives for and by itself. These fraternal brothers are misanthropists.

When one looks in "East Florida" a negro or colored person, or better said an equal human being, exactly as the blond or red American, and observes the treatment given to him as well as the chances of cultural and economic betterment, one immediately faces this question: is democracy a universal concept or is it a different thing in each country, regarding the color of the skin or of the hair.

Here everything reaches its highest record of speed. Velocity in speaking. Rash haste in eating; one sometimes eats numbers or quantities instead of qualities. Celerity in working. Parsimony in greeting. Fastness in walking. Everything rushes out into a dizziness of full speed and nervousness.

Individualistic life prevails everywhere. The sense of human solidarity is still beyond the American screen. Happiness, richness, comfort, a nation

22 CONVICTS AND THE CLASS OF '43

Imagine the surprise of our erstwhile Seniors when on arriving in New York they opened the daily tabloid with trembling fingers, hoping to see a hearty welcome from the "Little Flower" or at least his Secretary, and saw only the following headline: "22 Convicts Escape from Prison." A few courageous ones continued to read further and found that it concerned convicts from the Atlanta, Georgia, prison.

classless and powerful inside and outside and many other factors, hinder in some way the North American people to understand the sarcasm and profound contrast of the life in other latitudes. I have been stupefied and struck by this new environment and asked myself: Why is happiness, at least terrestrial and ephemeral, an inheritance of a few nations?

Finally comes to my mind Tampa. This is a busy city in ship-building for sea war, and in manufacturing the best cigars for the smokers all over the world. In its heart is still standing a manorial University of Morisco architecture. This spot has kept almost intact language, religion, tradition and customs of the ancient Kingdom of Spain, to such a point that there are many Americans that do not speak English but a fairly good Spanish language.

Everywhere there are men-soldiers, indefatigable as fighters for Democracy.

Here is closed a rapid episode of the American life lived and felt by a Latin American.

(Ed. note—Remember Miss Brine who spoke to us on "Peru"? This article was written by the friend she mentioned. He is studying at the University of Florida, Bev 2494, if you're interested.)

The Return of a Teacher

I am a teacher who left teaching last spring to get a job in Washington. As I stepped from the train at Union Station and as I walked through the depot, where one sees more tired people than in any other place in the world, I beheld the national capitol building, the dome shining like a jewel in the spring rain. I thought: "Here is the place—the heart of the nation—where I can really do something to help things along." When I closed my books and locked my classroom door back home, I felt I was leaving a job of minor importance for one of real value to a nation at war.

It took four months of hard work for Uncle Sam to make me realize the situation in its proper perspective. As September drew near, letters came to me from different sections of the state, telling of the desperate need for teachers. Nebraska newspapers reached me, commenting on the seriousness of the situation. I was disturbed. I had reasonably important duties in a government office to perform, but on the other hand I knew that to win this war, to obtain a satisfactory world afterward, we must have teachers in our schools. Every time I looked about me in Washington, I could see the pages of history unfold. I could see men like George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and scores of others sweating and toiling to create a nation. I could see the value of human character in the upbuilding of our country.

As a teacher I had a part in the formation of that character. As an office worker, I was a cog in a machine. Every time I thought of my locked classroom, I knew that I had locked my heart behind the closed doors. I was merely a mechanical man, moving much like these same figures in the funny books I had seen my students pack around under their arms. Every time I stepped into the Library of Congress or into the Smithsonian Institution, I saw something which reminded me of my unfinished work in the school.

Moreover, I was learning every month that my higher salary was being spent to meet a more than much higher cost of living. I was doing a job another person could do, at no increase in my savings, and at a real loss in personal satisfaction. My place in Washington could be filled; my place in the Nebraska schools was still open. My decision brought me immense relief. I resigned my post in Washington. I came back to the Nebraska schools.

The fall term is ended. Every day I am more convinced that I am where I belong; where I can make less money, it is true, but where I can save more; where I am the happiest; where I am of the most service.

The eager youngsters who pass in and out of my classroom doors will have to suffer for the mistakes of this generation; I am convinced that the greatest contribution I can make to my country now is to prepare them for the difficulties of their adult life. If in the years of peace that follow this war I am asked, "What did you contribute toward our victory?" I shall be glad and proud to answer, "I was a teacher."

—Beulah I. Hilbink of the Gothenburg (Nebraska) Public Schools, in the *Nebraska Educational Journal*.

Under the Black Drape

By ELEANOR DE MILLE, '43

The portrait photographer under his black drape has the look of an ostrich who has buried his head in the sand. (It has always amused me.)

But between the bird and the man there is a simple difference. The ostrich can't see you but the photographer can. Since you are thinking he is under the drape to adjust some silly bit of mechanism, you are probably shaking your fist at him for the uncomfortable pose he put you in. He is probably staring at you dead-eyed from the depths of his armor and killing himself laughing.

But he pops out looking like the sphinx though much more professional. You're horribly stiff. Not liquor, not gout, not rigor mortis. Just rigor horrors. He bids you fold your hand loosely. They clutch each other. They're cold. (Nerves, I guess.) He pulls them apart for you. They collapse.

Now he bids you to look into a light. You stare, blink, and squint, as when the doctor looks down your throat with a miner's lamp. (Also known as a bug-eye.) He clutches his single tuft of hair. He must be psychological. He tells you a joke you heard last year on the wax program. You smile. It's awful. He looks heavenward in desperation and trips over a cord. Swears gently. You roar, but he doesn't take the picture; he's sitting on the floor.

Things are pretty much relaxed now. He has stopped fussing; he just snaps you. You try to look important and like your favorite screen star in "His Favorite Moment". You're soon breezed out of the chair and into the outer office. He tells you to sit down a moment and he will give you a receipt for your deposit.

It's a big moment. In fact it's several moments. You don't notice. Mrs. Loftover has arrived with her marcel. It's so close to her head, you think it's sculptured ivory. (Poor pun.) She demands to be taken immediately although her appointment is for an hour and a half hence. Three other customers bow to \$50.00.

Forty minutes pass. They return—she like a vision of victory, he slightly wilted. You get your receipt.

You return a week later for the proofs. Mrs. Loftover has beat you there this time. She is demanding a retouch job that makes camouflaging an airfield a cinch. She wants two chins removed, etc., etc. She orders half a dozen pictures.

You get your proofs. They're terrible. But your only wish is to escape. The man you hold responsible is droning something about a dozen small ones in frame, a dozen large ones, and a colored enlargement. You say, "Yes, yes." He's telling you what good proofs they are. You don't mind a lie. You stare at yourself. Awful, but you always did hate the truth!

Dear Molly

By ESTHER LIPNICK

There was the pipe on the end table, just where Bob had left it Saturday night. And all the familiar and loved things, so carefully selected, so dearly paid for with twenty years of work, hers and John's. The venetian blinds, the damask drapes, the Persian rug, the antique vase, the Louis XIV chair. That pipe, like a magnet it pulled her gaze back to it where it reposed so casually, so coolly like its owner. The sight of it brought Molly back to the crumpled piece of paper that lay before her. That scrap of paper that spelled defeat—defeat to twenty years of work—defeat to an English pipe and its associations. This was the beginning of the end, and it caused Molly to do a rare thing. She put her head down between her hands and wept.

Such a mean, preposterous thing to do! The sobs racked her large body and the tears fell over her large plain face. The events of the day, the events of the past twenty years, the events of her whole life, reviewed themselves before her like little tin soldiers clicking their

heels. This was how a drowning person felt. Gradually the sobs subsided, and spent and heartsick, she dried her eyes and for the hundredth time read, "We regret to inform you that you will not be permitted to renew the lease on your apartment which expires next month. The disturbance caused by a party in your home last Saturday night is responsible for our decision."

M. A. Wellington.

Molly didn't have a college education, had never heard of psychology, but she understood people. She saw the venomous hatred and jealousy that had prompted the move. The jealousy of Elisa Wellington, the scrawny, ugly classmate of her Effie. Jealous of her Effie's blonde head, which was the envy of the whole Secretarial School. Her Effie, who could command all eyes when she walked down the street; who could cross her legs and smoke a cigarette as though she were a deb posing for cold cream, or linen, or maybe just cigarettes. This was her daughter, the daughter for whom she had scrimped and saved for years on Bennington Avenue so she might some day move to Wellington Heights, send her daughter to school, make of her the lady she had never had the opportunity to become. Make of her a lady so she might some day meet someone like Bob. Now the thought of moving back to Bennington, with its smoky mills, children playing on the streets, and her daughter's losing Bob sent a chill through her body and black spots jumped before her eyes. It was this way that Effie found her. Frightened, she ran to her mother and cried, "Molly, what is it? Is it, John?"

Silently, Molly handed her the notice and searched her daughter's face as she read it. "But, I can't understand it: It says we've got to move, but, darling, why cry?"

"Oh, don't you know what it means?" Molly asked, beginning to cry again.

"It means—Oh, dear, Molly," and her face broke into a happy, dreamy smile.

"Effie! Why do you look so happy about it all?"

"Oh, Molly! I hope you won't be angry with me. It means that I can marry Bob!"

"Marry, Bob!" Molly gazed at her daughter as though she were mad.

"Yes, he was afraid before that he couldn't give me a home like this. Like the one I'd been accustomed to. You see, he lives right near his work. He's a chemist on Bennington Avenue!"

"Learn only how the ignorant may learn; how the innocent may be preserved; the vicious reclaimed. Go forth and teach this people!"—HORACE MANN.

The one about the man who was driving and was stopped by a policeman who asked where his number plates were. "I don't need them," he said, "I know my number by heart."